Glo. I know not whether to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As *I* had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked there's no need for me,
And much *I* need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him *I* lay what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that *I* ſhould wring frō him.
Buc. My lord, this argues cōſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that Edward is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by Edwards wife:
For firſt he was contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the king of France,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt daies,
Made prize and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc't the pitch and height of all his thoughts,

To baſe declenſion and loathd big
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got
This *Edward*, whom our maners te
More bitterly could I expoſtulate
Saue that for reuerence to ſome ali
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongu
Then good my Lord, take to your
This proffered benefit of dignitie
If not to bleſſe vs and the land wi
Yet to draw out your royall ſtock
From the corruption of abuſing ti
Vnto a liueall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your
Cat. O make them ioyfull, gran
Glo. Alas, why would you heap
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe
I cannot, nor *I* will not yeeld to yo
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue a
Loth to depoſe the child your bro
As well we know your tenderneſ
And gentle kind effeminate remo
Which we haue noted in you to y
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſute o
Your brothers ſonne ſhal neuer ra
But we will plant ſome other in th
To the diſgrace and downfall of y
And in this reſolution here we lea
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord
Cat. Call them againe, my Lor
Ano. Do good my Lord, leaſt a
Glo. Would you enforce me to
Well, call them againe, I am not m
But penetrable to your kind inter
Albeit againſt my conſcience an
Couzen of *Buckingham*, and you

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